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E went to Boston about noon, to see young David, who was sent in from Groton to stay an hour or so with her. I dined alone with Kay and Phil Graham, where we ate soft shelled crabs, accompanied by a white Chateau Haut Brion 1955. Later on, we attacked succulent duck, with the aid of a sound Chateau Lafite.

We watched Allen Dulles on television, interviewed by Eric Severeid. The caption was something like "My Failures and Successes in Espionage." I thought it well done, on the whole, though a bit skeptical, following Allen's account of Dr. Jung's analysis of Hitler and Mussolini, of his applying the Pavlov theory to Krushchev.

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E joined me there, and we got home late.

April 27, 1962 - Friday

I lunched with Bob Schaetzel at 1925 F Street, after a morning of innumerable visits, including several by men assigned to London. In the early afternoon, I reported at the White House to take a helicopter to Andrews Air Base. I found Bunny Mellon and Perry Wheeler in the rose garden, which they are doing over for the President. I think they have achieved a triumph of landscape architecture. Bunny wants to place a gaily striped pavilion as a terminal of the garden, but the President has not accepted this, since he considers it too exotic.

The ceremony at the airport for the reception of Macmillan was perfectly done. The President arrived from Palm Beach, set down by a shimmering jet about ten minutes in advance of the Prime Minister, A tiny Heron conveyed the PM, David Gore, and the rest of his party. There were flourishes, fanfares, ruffles, national anthems, review of troops, speeches, photography, applauding crowds. Finally we took off, and were deposited on the White House lawn before dispersal. I met Allen Dulles at the house, and had a long talk with him. He is taking his son to Switzerland next week, in a last attempt at his rehabilitation.